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VOLUME XLIII.

EDITORS:

W. M. DANIELS, O.  
F. L. DRUMMOND, N. J.

E. M. HOPKINS, N. Y.  
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TREASURER:

W. H. FOREYTH, N. J. LOCK 9cx 17.

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### *Bacchus.*

WHAT I am about to relate happened so long ago that, in the dim perspective, years seem as small as seconds.

Old Father Time was a little baby then, and you never could imagine that such a happy, laughing cherub would grow into the sour and merciless old man he has since become. Instead of the huge, sharp scythe with which he now sweeps the pleasure out of life, he carried a little pruning-hook, which he used only to cut away the weeds from the gardens, while the flowers he lovingly tended himself, and kept them in perpetual bloom.

Atlas still thought it a very fine thing to uphold the heavens, and no sigh of weariness had yet escaped him; I expect if Hercules had offered to give him a lift then, Atlas would have felt highly insulted.

Poor old Atlas! like many others, he found long-continued honors very burdensome, and in after years he was glad enough to shift the heavenly load for a brief space to the brawny shoulders of Hercules.

Olympus had not become the mighty and majestic mountain of later days (it is affirmed that even Poseidon could swing himself up its easy slopes and take his place among the other deities), and the gods, on account of its ease of ascent and descent, were more frequently found among men; but after the battles with the Titans and the giants, Zeus thought it advisable to remove a little further from the reach of things earth-born, and so began to gradually elevate Olympus till it has reached its present height.

One soft, summer evening in those far-away times, some Greeks were rowing past the little isle of Olearos. The sun was just departing for the night and had thrown his warm, golden mantle over his daughter Earth, anxious to protect her from the damp of the coming shadows. A gentle breeze floated over the water, whispering as sweetly as the even song of seraphs in Paradise.

The Greek sailors, rude but beauty-loving, like all their race, paused on their oars, awed into rest and silence by the peace and loveliness of the scene; for perfect beauty, even of the tenderest kind, has an element of awe in it, as all things perfect have for our imperfect minds. As they drifted round the headland of the isle, a voice stole upon their ears, rich, musical, and blending in such harmony with the scene as to enhance, not break, the spell upon them.

Slowly the sailors turned them round to see whence the hail came, when they espied close to the waters' edge, yet drawing himself back as if wishing to avoid it, a young man of perfect grace in form and feature.

His face flushed rosy red in the last beams of the sun, which strangely seemed to gather themselves about his figure and bathe him in a flood of light. His quick, roving eye twinkled mischievously, while an alluring smile played about his full, red lips.

He had assumed a careless, easy attitude, and yet, good natured and attractive as he seemed, the sailors, as they approached and scanned him closely, felt within them such a

power in his personality and an enticement as to excite in their breasts a faint premonition of danger.

This feeling was, however, altogether lost as the young stranger, with a swift bound and an agility his limbs, graceful yet apparently unhardened by wrestling or other exercise, seemed scarcely capable of, leaped easily upon the deck and, while the light craft shot into deeper water with the impetus he gave it, burst into a rollicking laugh as he gazed into the astonished countenances of the mariners.

"Good friends," said he, and his words slipped from him with a fluency and sweetness which one might imagine the voice of wine to possess, if wine were endowed with vocal powers, "good friends, be not alarmed, nor fear that I am come among you with aught but good intentions. If it were otherwise, I am but one among many, and you could master me, you know, with ease. Why, silken strings would surely bind these arms of mine," and he looked half ruefully, half quizzically, upon his soft, rounded arms and taper fingers, which did, indeed, seem more fitted to wind wreathes for revellers than support the ponderous shield or grasp the sword.

"But, friends, my advent is pacific, and my presence and purpose here, I promise you, will require no defensive measures on your part. I merely wish to be your companion to the shore of the mainland, whither I perceived your course was pointing, and whither I myself desired to go."

As the young man spoke, a breeze sprang up with animating coolness and played about his curling locks.

The sailors seemed to gain new energy from his vivacious glance.

They seized their oars with nervous grasp, and swept them through the water till the stout blades bent and the foam on either side spouted high from the rents in the sea that they made.

The little vessel, too, seemed to catch the spirit of the stranger, and with an eager tremor it danced gayly over the waves toward the mainland, as if obedient to his will.

Meanwhile the captain approached and addressed the young man.

He had the frank and open manner of all seamen; acquired, I suppose, from the freedom and boundlessness of the sea itself, and there was also a touch of self-confidence in him which might be noticed in his conversation.

"Stranger," said he, "whoever you may be, and I should judge you were born in no mean station, you are welcome among us, for you have a sparkle in your eye which, like a diamond's glance, would buy you favor anywhere. And even if your countenance were a mask for evil, I'd almost run the risk of your companionship till you had wholly laid aside so pleasing an exterior. We'll give you passage willingly to the shore; but come with me, and if you will stoop to partake of our poor sailor's fare, it will give me and my mates great pleasure to share with you our evening meal, and then, you know," he added, laughing, "I can keep an eye on you if it is your intention to play us any pranks." So saying, he bade one of the crew fetch the cakes and honey, which composed their simple meal.

"This I will warrant to be genuine honey of Hymettus, and here is water to wash it down as clear and cold as if star-beams had been dissolved in it," the captain continued.

"None of your star-beam decoctions for me, my most poetical mariner," laughed he of the sunny smile.

"I have a liquor worth two of that, one which, like an inspiration, will flush the brow and make the nerves tingle with delight. This liquor of mine warms the heart to generous action and high resolve. It is an improvement on Lethe's stream, for it devours the memory of ill alone, while it revives in the mind all pleasant recollections. Ah, it is a precious draught, a jeweled juice; rubies and diamonds have given it its color and its sparkle—but here, take this and taste my liquor."

With that he produced a tiny skin flask and handed it to the captain, who, apparently captivated by the laughing eye

and pleasing address of the young fellow, did not hesitate to take the flask and apply it to his lips, when lo, it seemed to fairly grow there, so long a draught the captain took.

"Here, here, not so fast," said the stranger, "this is ungenerous treatment of a friend to drink up all that beverage which I have brought from far and guarded with such care. You should be ashamed of yourself, friend captain, don't you think so?" and he playfully made a snatch at the skin.

But the captain gripped it tightly, and with flushed face and dancing eye leaped to his feet exclaiming "It's the nectar of the gods, my master, and I, too, am become a deity! For there is surging through my veins the vigor of immortal youth!

"Is my countenance changed? Does it shine like Apollo's? Does it reflect those thoughts that, like flames of fire, leap from my brain burning with this oil divine, and rise into a purer region from the pettiness of earthly things?

"In this clear atmosphere to which I am exalted the beauty of the universe is fully manifest.

"The earth and sea in all their loveliness lie before me; the breath of heavenly breezes fans my cheek, wafting sweet odors from the courts of heaven. Oh, sun! hasten thou thy courses, and bring again in thy enlightening round the chorus of the morning stars that they may add their music, the one thing lacking, to this glorious scene.

"Mates, if I am indeed a god, I will not, like the selfish divinities, enjoy this pleasure by myself. Come, share with me this exaltation; drink of this flask, in whose small compass lies all the boundlessness of immortality."

The sailors caught the frenzy of their captain. Each, drinking long and deeply of the liquor, which seemed in some mysterious way to continually refill the flask, joined in a wild and frantic dance led by the unknown youth; while suddenly

"the wandering ivy and vine  
This way and that, in many a wild festoon,  
Ran riot,"

garlanding the vessel with densest foliage, amid which drooped the rich, ripe clusters of the grape. The oars, laden with the nectarous fruit, trailed through the water dying it a deeper purple.

In the stern a fragrant bower appeared, through which the moon, now risen, peeped, transmuting its green leaves to silver tiles. Thither the youth, with airy step and many a graceful turn, led the dizzy band of mariners, while softly through the misty, perfumed air swelled and subsided delicious notes of music, in their sweetness seeming to be evoked by breezes from aromatic islands of the tropics, playing upon flutes of resonant silver.

As he reached the bower the young man turned facing the seamen, while about him the swelling clusters pressed, and the ivy, trembling with joy at his approach, reached forth its arms and twined a chaplet for his brow. The sailors in amaze gazed for a moment on him, and then with one accord exclaimed, "Behold, the god, the god!" and, as if inspired by the deity, burst into a song of worship to the god of wine:

"Let us drain the nectared bowl,  
Let us raise the song of soul  
To him, the god who loves so well  
The nectared bowl, the choral swell!  
Him, who instructs the sons of earth  
To thread the tangled dance of mirth;  
Him, who was nursed with infant Love,  
And cradled in the Paphian grove;  
Him, that the snowy Queen of Charms  
Has folded in her twining arms.  
From him that dream of transport flows  
Which sweet intoxication knows.  
Then let us quaff the foamy tide,  
And through the dance meandering glide;  
Let us imbibe the spicy breath  
Of odors chafed to fragrant death;  
Or from the kiss of love inhale,  
A more voluptuous, richer gale!  
To souls that court the phantom care  
Let him retire and shroud him, there,

While, we exhaust the nectared bowl,  
And swell the choral song of soul  
To him, the god who loves so well  
The nectared bowl, the choral swell!"

Scarcely had their song of adoration ceased when, instead of the blooming presence of the youthful deity, before their horror-stricken gaze, whence all flush of revelry had fled, a mighty lion reared his stately front, darting an eye of fire and tossing his tawny mane. And, as they stood motionless, overcome by sudden fear, a chill, dead silence brooded about them with the coldness and stillness of snow falling without a breath of air, and muffling all around. Then a low rustle, like the sound of serpents gliding over dead leaves, was audible through the withered foliage drooping from the oars, and the sailors, their eyes dilating with expectancy, awaited what they felt would seal their fate. For the oars seemed slowly to lift themselves dripping from the water, and, quivering with a new life, they curled into fantastic shapes, coiling and writhing about each other with a grotesque and horrible intimacy—a tangle of serpents wriggling about the vessel, a sickening parody on the ivy and vine that had before entwined it!

But it was the eyes of the reptiles, stony, cruel eyes, which seemed to enlarge and multiply on every side, darting a withering influence on all about them, that drove the sailors with reckless madness and frenzied cries to the vessel's side, where, without a moment's lingering, they plunged into the sea; and lo, where they had disappeared, a shoal of dolphins, rising to the surface, staggered about the ship in boisterous play.

And Bacchus still sailed on, once more in the guise of a youth, and the flowers bloomed again, and the sweet music sounded, but the moon and the stars, which had alone watched the mischief that the god had worked, and knew the real ill-will he bore to man, pointed to his wild, pale face in silent mournfulness, as if they longed to warn mankind. Oh, beware of him!

*The Sibyl's Response.*

Ὅφ' ἐ μῦλοι θεοῦ ἀλέουσι τὸ λεπτὸν ἄλευρον.

—*Oracula Sibyllina*, viii, 14.

WHAT is this long, low-rumbling moan  
Which weighs like lead upon mine ear?  
Its strange, monotonous, minor tone,  
Dull-echoing, fills my heart with fear.  
Say, Sibyl, what is this I hear?

"The rumbling of great wheels which go,  
E'er turning through their long career—  
The millstones of the gods grind slow."

What is the grist the gods have thrown  
Into their stony jaws? there's here  
Some mystery—may it be known?

"The grain which doth so strange appear,  
Hath grown for many a weary year;  
This, sorrow-sown and reapt in woe,  
Aye, reapt with many a falling tear,  
The millstones of the gods grind slow."

Hast heard the tale of Sisypheon,  
At whom e'en gods have learned to jeer,  
E'er pushing at a senseless stone?  
Or how Prometheus, bold to flee  
At thunderbolts, was made to fear?  
Or Tantalus?—but now men know  
('Tis knowledge which hath cost them dear,  
The millstones of the Gods grind slow."

## L'ENVOY.

Then asked I her: "When this great work is done,  
What is the flour the Gods will show?"

"The fine white flour of Truth; for that alone  
The millstones of the Gods grind slow."

*One Aspect of the Sensational Theory.*

PHILOSOPHY is a science of Knowledge and Being; under the former aspect it is more directly concerned with the intuitive principles of the mind; under the latter, "it is the Science of Being in general, but more specifically of the causes which underlie the phenomenal laws of Positive science." If its true claim as a Science of Knowledge is confirmed and sustained, it naturally and necessarily passes over into a Science of Being. The grand aim of philosophy, ever since the time of Aristotle, has been to reach Being through the channel of Knowledge. It must be borne in mind, however, that Knowledge and Being are so closely wedded in philosophy that any divorce must be unnatural; the relation between the two is necessary and organic; for technical and practical purposes, they may allow such a mental separation as will admit of their being studied apart, with their bonds of organic affinity a little loosened.

The first question that naturally arises is, What is this Being or Existence which must be predicated of all objects of Knowledge? To answer this question, an examination of the Metaphysics of Knowledge is necessary, and the outcome of this examination must be largely or wholly determined in its nature by the view taken of the subjective conditions of the possibility of Knowledge. We are concerned with the view taken by those who have espoused the cause of Materialistic Sensationalism.

The fundamental and distinguishing tenet of Materialistic Sensationalism is that all Being or Existence is in its nature material; that whatever, in our hasty moments, we call in its essential nature spiritual, only awaits proper consideration for its relegation to the realm of the material. It is needless to state that such a theory as this bears a very close and serious relation to all our practical life and thought. Accept

materialism on its sensational basis, and what becomes of man's freedom as a moral agent! What becomes of his belief in the Divine existence! What becomes of all the great incentives of life and action! Only accept materialism and immortality becomes a huge delusion and a farce, and man takes his stand under the great cog-wheel of mechanical determinism. *Per contra*, if agnosticism be accepted, we easily see that the logical outcome of its transcendental ontology is scarcely less repulsive to man's practical instincts and spiritual nature than the blind, corporeal, godless matter of the materialist.

It was intimated above that the ultimate aim of philosophy is to found a Science of Being on a solid and abiding basis. I quote from a recent writer: "But Being or the Universe of Reality is given only in the realm of experience. The Science of Being can therefore be studied only through study of the content of experience. And thus it is studied. Philosophy does not transcend nor pretend to transcend the range of experience. And if 'philosophies' have differed in their ostensible results, this has been only because their respective advocates have found or thought they found, some more, others less, contained in experience." Now, if Sensationalism has been shut up to these alternatives of "more" or "less," it has certainly erred on the side of the former. But this is to be substantiated later.

Dr. Morris compares experience to a vessel "containing objects or the knowledge of objects;" ontology he identifies with the content of experience, while experience itself seems to be more or less identical with the Gnosiology of Metaphysics. Experience and its content, therefore, are logically and organically one; they are the two aspects of a single process. And wherever great stress has been laid upon the subjective conditions of Knowledge to the exclusion or partial rejection of its correlative branch of Being, the results have proven, and must necessarily prove, barren and unhealthful. It is, therefore, to be insisted upon that

the Science of Being or "Absolute Reality" in a complete system of philosophy is determined in its scope and nature by the nature of the Science of Knowledge upon which it is organically dependent.

It has been suggested above that the underlying error of Sensationalism is its one-sidedness; it views man and his relations to the universe and life from one true, but, nevertheless, partial standpoint; it traces the genesis of all Knowledge back to pure and unadulterated sensation; the spiritual side of the human constitution is looked upon as a delusive snare; the senses are the sole avenues of Knowledge, and to them alone are we indebted for all that we know. Inasmuch, then, as the senses simply and solely give us knowledge of matter, all knowledge must be material in its nature. Materialism, therefore, from a subjective standpoint, is sensational; as far as its ontology is concerned, all Existence is material. It is at this point that agnosticism advances one step further. Granting that positive knowledge takes cognizance only of the phenomenal manifestations of the world, agnosticism does not, on that account, accept a materialistic Ontology. Its own Ontology is transcendental; it does assert that the mind of man is hemmed in by subjective limitations, which impose a barrier to the comprehension of existence, but yet it must be remembered that within the realm of Metaphysics, agnosticism has an "Unknowable Power," to which, it claims, all things must ultimately trace their genesis.

To avoid misunderstanding and confusion let us ask the question: What are the essential elements in knowledge viewed under the light of consciousness? To this question consciousness itself replies—subject and object. The nature of the relation subsisting between these two factors is, in the Science of Knowledge, the one central fact about which all others cluster as minor and subordinate. According to the sensationalist's explanation of the acquisition of knowledge, the process is purely mechanical; to state the matter

briefly, there is a mechanical relation set up between subject and object, and the result is sensible knowledge. The Sensationalist's position seems to be a dogmatic one, viewed from any standpoint which takes proper cognizance of the scope of his theory; he either assumes, *ab initio*, that all knowledge is sensible, or dogmatically asserts that the only relation which can subsist between the two postulated elements of knowledge—subject and object—is a purely mechanical one, and then from either of these partial and consequently unjust positions proceeds to develop the logical results of his theory of knowledge. Assuming, for the moment, that there is a mechanical relation set up between subject and object, it is a comparatively easy task to bring to light the materialism which really forms the warp and woof of the whole texture; for, in order that a mechanical relation may subsist between the two factors of knowledge, we must clothe these elements with an essentially materialistic garb; in other words, within man there is an object (the subject so called), whose distinguishing characteristic is its passivity, and upon this object all objects extrinsic to it are to impinge, the impact giving rise to an impression, which is, in turn, in some mysterious way, to give rise to a "conscious state" and become "part and parcel" of our conscious experience. It is needless to say that such an account of the genesis of knowledge is unsatisfying at once to reason and common sense. The art by which the sensationalist transmutes the baser metal of his materialistically conceived elements of knowledge into the pure gold of a living consciousness has never yet been made openly manifest, and possibly the time may not be far distant when men will cease endeavoring to reconcile the conflicting elements offered by the Sensational theory, and will give over its difficulty of developing consciousness on a materialistic basis to the realm of falsifying philosophical alchemy.

Moreover, the Sensationalist, having once reached "conscious states," forgets or discards the steps by which he has

reached his present standpoint, and declares that the two elements which he has used in the development of his theory are unknowable. Just here there is left wide open the door through which agnosticism enters, claiming as it does that "knowledge, strictly speaking, is confined to the mysterious consciousness, which each individual has of his own inward states." But when Sensationalism takes its stand on an agnostic basis, what does it become except a system of self-contradiction? Its efforts to support itself and confirm its claims as a theory of knowledge by calling in agnosticism, are abortive and even suicidal; for, as a recent writer has well said in reference to the claims of the Sensational theory: "Theoretical materialism \* \* \* is overthrown by the very science to which it appeals for support—the Science of Sensible Knowledge. If matter possesses absolute substantial existence as a form of real being, *sui generis*, it can only be known through sense. But the analysis of sense—the Science of Sensible Knowledge—shows that through sense matter can neither be known to exist nor not to exist." It is here held very clearly and distinctly that the logical outcome of materialistic sensationalism is open confusion and palpable contradiction.

In conclusion, it is scarcely necessary to say that nothing more than a mere outline of a single phase of the Sensational theory has been here attempted; perhaps this single phase has not been given a treatment minute enough to fairly represent it. However that may be, it still remains that Sensationalism cannot be considered as related by any bond of intimate fellowship to that more satisfactory theory of knowledge which, being at once natural and realistic, claims both mind and matter as substantial realities.

*The Summons.*

OLD tales tell of Lilith fair,  
O'er all witches mighty queen,  
Round her sweeps her wondrous hair,  
Dazzling bright its golden sheen.

Oft her voice is heard in dreams,  
Musical, enchanting, low;  
Oft her hair in glory gleams,  
To some sleeper bringing woe.

Round his heart she ties one hair,  
From her he can ne'er depart;  
He is meshed within her snare,  
Thrown around his love-witched heart.

Lilith calls, he needs must go;  
On the morn they find him dead.  
See, he smiles amid their woe—  
Unto her his soul hath fled.

So thy form came unto me,  
Round my heart one thread it tied;  
Thou didst summon me to thee—  
Love, behold me at thy side.

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*The Sunk Mine.*

STRETCHING back from the Hudson opposite West Point, twenty miles or more to the State of Connecticut, and measuring ten or fifteen miles in breadth, is a tract of country that was known a century and a half ago as the Philipse Patent, and which contains some of the finest scenery along the river. When Adolf Philipse, a wealthy merchant of New York, procured the grant from the English king, and confirmed his title by purchase from the Indian owners, it was an unbroken wilderness of course,

but was reputed to contain fabulous mineral wealth—iron, silver, and even gold. As a result, the first explorers of the property were prospectors, rather than intending settlers. They met with some success. Iron ore was found in abundance, and some few traces of silver, but so slight as to be valueless. Many shafts were sunk, and in operation for a number of years; but owing to lack of machinery and distance from the river, they were gradually abandoned, some of them to be re-opened with the advent of the railway epoch.

To-day, four or five railways thread their way through the Philipse Patent, but still its western portion, unvisited by the rail, is almost as wild and inaccessible as ever. The traveler through those mountain fastnesses will often, when he least expects it, stumble upon some long-disused mine shaft, from whose dark mouth comes up the splash of loosened gravel—a veritable death-trap for the unwary.

Through the midst of this region a royal highway was opened, which is still the only means of communication between its eastern and western parts, and which passes through seven miles of uninterrupted forest. To the lover of romance, a ride over this well-preserved highway will be attended with the keenest pleasure. He first passes through a long expanse of dreary swamp, peopled with dead and ghostly pines; then through a wooded valley walled in by high cliffs on either hand. Over his head the lofty trees interlock and shut out the sky, and in that semi-darkness scarcely a sound can be heard except that of his horse's feet. Here, amid the intense stillness and solitude, in the very center of the wood, stands a half-decayed log cabin. A little farther on, from a dark hollow, sweeps across the road a narrow embankment covered with underbrush—the graded track of an ancient mine tramway—and winds along the mountain side like a serpent. From this point a gradual ascent of a mile or more brings him to the summit of the mountain range. Here the forest abruptly ends, and before

him is a noble scene—a sea of dark blue mountain peaks, range upon range, shut in the landscape, and roll away in deepening color beneath overhanging cloudbanks, some of them white-capped by gleams of sunshine that break through the clouds.

Here begins the slope toward the Hudson, and a little below is the terminus of the old tramway line, unpoetically called "The Dump," whence the ore was conveyed down to the river in wagons. If he follows this line backward he will pass by several old iron mines, and will at length, in the middle of the wood, on that side of the highway opposite to the old cabin mentioned, arrive at one of the largest of all, known as the "Sunk Mine." Though near the highway, it is invisible from that direction, and its existence barely suggested by a pile of loose rock.

Here was the outcropping of a stratum of ore. All that portion of it easily accessible from the surface has been removed, leaving an enormous cleft. One glance into this, partly filled as it is with green, slimy-looking water, is calculated to send a chill over the beholder, so suggestive is it of fathomless depth. One end of this cleft terminates at the surface of the slope; from the other a lateral drift, whose mouth is partly concealed by the water, extends into the mountain.

None now living can remember when this mine was in operation. All that is known of the early history of mine and miner's cabin comes through tradition. But after they were abandoned the cabin was appropriated by a hunter and prospector named Levi Marshall. The mere fact that a human being should choose so lonely a residence was enough to make him a subject of comment, and as frequent robberies were occurring in towns along the Hudson, Marshall's cabin once was visited by officers as the possible receptacle of stolen booty, with no result except to excite the indignation of its occupant. Not less strange was it that often he would emerge from his retirement, put on civilized dress,

and spend weeks and months in the city, being always well supplied with money, but whence obtained no one could tell. Finally it began to be reported that he had discovered somewhere in those hills a mine of silver ore, which, in some unknown way, he was able to make a source of income; but of this there was as little evidence as there was of his being one of the river depredators.

After a number of years Levi Marshall returned from a long round of dissipation, and was found dead in the old cabin. Careful search by the curious failed to reveal who he was or what was his means of support, while to disprove his connection with them, the robberies along the river went on as usual. But now an individual, Marshall's nearest neighbor, came forward with what seemed a solution of the mystery, at least a partial one, and the substance of his tale was this: "Soon after Marshall settled in the old cabin he invited me thither, and there, under promise of secrecy while he should live, he told me that he had really found a silver mine, far back in the hills, and promised me good wages if I should help him in working it. I gave him my promise, and thereupon he blindfolded me and led me by a long and circuitous route to the mine. Before reaching it we crossed a small lake in some kind of canoe. When the bandage was removed I found that we were in a dark, underground passage, sloping upward for some distance. At the very end of this we went to work, until, with infinite labor, we had loosened a large quantity of ore and rock, piling it all along the passageway, and had hollowed out a large chamber. For a month or two Marshall led me to and from our work, blindfolded as at first, and then, professing to be satisfied for the present, he dismissed me, giving me no hint of what disposition he intended to make of the ore in the passageway. While I have kept my promise I have made every effort to find the place. I have watched Marshall closely, and, during his absences, I have searched in every direction, but in vain. I can find neither lake nor

mine, nor do I know that Marshall ever went thither after we ceased working together."

This strange story, supported by a fine specimen of the ore, given him by Marshall at their first interview, threw that entire region into a silver fever. Singly, and in parties, everyone joined in the hunt for "Marshall's silver mine." At first the search was prosecuted day and night, each determined to be the first to secure wealth. They discovered several long-forgotten shafts, but no trace of what they sought. Some parties having returned by night past the old cabin spoke of flashes of strange light and of sepulchral voices heard there, and yet, on exploration, they had always found it empty. Naturally enough it was soon rumored that Marshall's ghost kept watch and ward over his treasure; and the eager seekers after fortune began to make it a point to return home before nightfall.

As years went by the search was occasionally renewed; but as the old log cabin decayed more and more, and fear of its uncanny occupant abated, the whole story came to be regarded as a myth, and mine and ghost were alike relegated to the land of the improbable.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the summer of '80 I was one of a merry picnic party bound to the cool woods beyond the "Pine Swamp" for a day's recreation. Being so near the Sunk Mine it was resolved to pay it a visit. The lateral drift, which seemingly led deep into the mountain, attracted our attention, and, amidst a chorus of dissuading voices, four of us, providing ourselves with torches of dry birch bark, resolved to explore it. It was a matter of no little difficulty to clamber down the rocks, and a misstep threatened instant submersion in the green pool below; but, by the aid of friendly hands and a few pieces of timber used as a bridge, we reached the dark opening in safety.

Upon lighting a torch the first thing we saw was the remains of a canoe drawn high up in the tunnel. We ex-

amined it in amazement, till suddenly one shouted "Marshall's canoe! This is Marshall's silver mine!"

Without stopping to think of the absurdity of finding silver in the deserted drift of an iron mine—the very thing that had prevented it from being explored long before—we hastily followed him up the passage. Presently we came to piles of ore and rock on either hand, all iron ore of course. On further, in a fever of excitement, till the passage ended in a comparatively large chamber. Here we stopped and lifted the torch; one look, and then by its flaming light was revealed a pile of what was really silver—silver plate. Four faces turned pale, and four voices, in a husky, scared whisper, expressed the patent fact, "Stolen goods!"

No bold highwaymen appeared to menace us, and we plucked up courage for further investigation. Many articles were found beside the plate, some of them bearing the marks of long storage, others, to our surprise, were glossy new. It was growing far too exciting to be agreeable, and it was with no little trepidation that I ventured up a ladder which stood in the corner, and pressed upward against a flat stone at its top. It rose quite easily, and down came the light of day together with a quantity of rubbish; a step or two more and *I was standing in Marshall's cabin.*

That night a party of officers, ambushed at the cabin, captured two of the river gang. Through them others were ferreted out, their organization was broken up, and the problem of fifty years was solved.

Marshall had discovered that the mine drift led under the cabin, duped an ignorant man to assist in preparing it for his purpose, expressly that a silver mine might be reported to account for his free use of money, and, as leader of the gang, carried on his nefarious trade till his death. And the burglaries along the Hudson would probably have continued till the present time had we not found what lay hidden in the Sunk Mine.

*A Summer Idyl.*

ON the long piazza my love and I  
Sat in the breeze of the ruffling deep,  
Whose shining and eddy wavelets creep,  
And sparkling, break on the shore near by  
With a gladsome melody.

Her glinting, tremulous, tressed hair  
Streamed in the gales that dancing roam  
On the far-off billows white-capped with foam;  
And the light encircled her forehead fair  
With a quivering halo rare.

The crescent moon and the stars of Eld  
Shone from the sky; the murmuring sea  
Mirrored their glittering brilliancy  
In a thousand chasing waves which welled  
Into one gleaming emerald.

As I saw in the dome of the azure sky  
Venus, the star of love, glow bright,  
Eager, I sought her reflected light,  
But in vain—'til I found it suddenly  
Deep down in my darling's eye.

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*The Poetry of Sir Waller Scott.*

MACAULAY, in his great essay on Milton, complained that the critics had so carefully gone over the field before him that at best there remained but a few gleanings of which he could avail himself. Out of these few gleanings, however, he continued to serve us up a most substantial and palatable feast. In the present instance, the field of Scott's poetry which lies before us has been so diligently searched that not even gleanings are left; still one of the greatest delights allowed to fallen man is to sit on the fence, in the cool of a summer evening, after the sun has set, and inhale the sweet fragrance of the new-mown field. This

privilege at least is ours; and it is in this sense of merely extracting, if possible, some enjoyment from his poetry that we venture to write of Sir Walter Scott. It has been the fashion of late to admire, or pretend to admire, that school of literature of which Walt Whitman and Henry James are the extremists in their respective spheres of poetry and prose; a school which results in a rude and brutish realism, as in the one case, or in a super-subtle analysis of thought carried to such an excess as to endanger total disintegration, as in the other. I confess that I prefer

"Those old melodious lays  
Which softly melt the ages through,  
The songs of Spenser's golden days.  
Arcadian Sidney's silvery phrase,  
Sprinkling our noon of time with freshest morning dew."

And this is the reason why Scott has such a charm for me: because his genius is towards the simple and the natural; because he leaves the dissecting-rooms of the modern, psychological poets where moods and feelings are mercilessly cut up and inspected, and returns to the cheerful and manly out-of-door life of the earlier singers.

His genius gladly escapes from the complex problems of our present civilization to the simpler conditions of past eras, and it is to this fact that he owes his greatest success. When Scott began to write, men had not yet recovered from the horror and confusion of the French Revolution. Awed for a time by the wit of Voltaire, which had "struck and shattered the Gothic towers and domes of the Middle Ages," their faith shaken by French scoffers and German metaphysical speculators, men's minds were in a ferment, and having let go the past and its traditions, the great question was, "What next?"

At this crisis, when it seemed as if the Nineteenth Century was to completely sever its connections with former times, that strange revolution of sympathetic feeling, which sets towards all things that pass away, took place, and a

love sprang up for the old order of things, "animated by the sympathy with it which was created by its death blow."

In the quiet and refreshing spirit of the romantic reaction, of which Scott is the great representative, men's overwrought minds sought and found rest. They turned, with a sigh of relief, from a world of "utilitarian understanding, of criticising and questioning things hitherto believed," to Scott's world, where not utility, but love, was law, and where honor and simple faith were the highest virtues; in a word, from the world of Reality to the world of Romance.

The Romantic world of Scott especially is satisfying to men because there is a vigorous, healthy atmosphere in it, and an entire change of scene, which affects us much as does travel in a foreign country, from which we return strengthened and refreshed with new thoughts and elevated imaginations. Byron, too, is romantic, but in all his poetry there is a passionate and morbid element, which, though possibly the result of a higher genius than Scott's, is yet not so wholesome as the free mountain air of the Northern bard, and hence his poetry will never be the consolation of the weary and depressed. Byron's muse is a languishing Southern damsel, beautiful without doubt, but with a touch of malaria in her system (possibly due to the debilitating Southern clime in which she lived), and apt to be petulant in consequence. Scott's muse was his own fair Lady of the Lake—

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,  
Of finer form or lovelier face.  
What though no rule of courtly grace  
To measured mood had trained her face—  
A foot more light, a step more true,  
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;  
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread:  
What though upon her speech there hung  
The accents of the mountain tongue—  
Those silvery sounds, so soft, so clear,  
The list'ner held his breath to hear!"

Scott was born a minstrel, a poet of Romance. "He himself tells us that he had the first consciousness of existence at Sandyknow, on the southern slope of Smailholme Crags, commanding so brave an outlook over all the storied borderland." He listened eagerly to the border ballads, and almost as soon as he could talk he tried to commit them to memory. Later, when in connection with some friends, he began the study of German, the wild and mysterious legends of Burger and other German writers powerfully influenced him and excited his imagination. But it was in the minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, his native land, that he found the chief source of his inspiration.

And just here we cannot praise too much the refined and discriminating taste which Scott displayed in conducting only the purer waters from these "founts of inspiration" into the sweet, clear stream of his own verse. For though these ancient ballads, by an occasional inundation of genius, rose with a mighty sweep to the level of really exalted poetry, yet more frequently they wound slowly among obstructing logs of cumbersome description, their channels muddled by the coarse ideas of the times.

Scott carefully *filtered* these tributaries before he allowed them to mingle with his own verse.

He softened the harshness of verse and sentiment which often appeared in these Northern bards, and, while reviving their animated pictures of chivalry and romance, he at the same time toned them down, retouching them with more delicate colors. A pedantic historian might find fault with the fact that Scott has made his world of chivalry an improvement on the actual world of the middle ages; for, though honor and virtue were held in high esteem, and the age possessed a sturdy, manly spirit of its own, yet there was in it that lawlessness, fierceness and disregard of life that always characterize a barbarous age. From the standpoint of art, however, we claim that it was one of Scott's chief excellencies that he *did* so successfully gloss over whatever

was coarse or revolting to our modern sense, and tempered the real ferocity of the times into the rude but gallant darning of a Delorain or Roderick Dhu.

Nor do we think, on the other hand, that Scott has erred in those minute descriptions of places, customs and men for which he has been so severely censured by the *Edinburgh Review*. It seems to us a hypercritical spirit that condemns the beautiful description of Lord Marmion before Norham castle, because in it the blue ribbons of his charger's mane are mentioned. These carefully wrought descriptions are needed in order that our feelings may be more in sympathy with the scene before us; and it is by these *delicate* touches, which he supplies to each figure in his pictures, that Scott increases their vividness, and, at the same time, escapes the longwindedness of the ballad-singers.

But apart from the necessity of full description, in treating of a society unlike our own (an excuse for them in itself sufficient), the general perfection and beauty of his pictures would atone for any possible exaggerations that may at times occur. Again, in his representation of natural scenery, at Scott's magic word the heather is died a deeper purple, the lakes ripple with contented laughter, the mountains rear their brows still higher, all seemingly conscious of his praise.

In "The Lady of the Lake" this descriptive power is probably best displayed, or at least best sustained, though there are passages in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" that are unequalled or only equalled by a few portions of his other works. When we read that

"The feast was over in Branksome Tower,"

we feel sure that the feast for us is just begun; and nowhere is Scott's power to simply please better exhibited than in the first two cantos of this poem.

But there is another kind of description in which Scott reached, perhaps, his high-water mark—in which his genius, like a towering wave, whirled him entirely out of the region

of the common-place and landed him even beside majestic Homer. It is in his battle scenes, notably in the Battle of Flodden, that the trumpet tone of a poet of the first order rings out. Even Jeffry acknowledges that "from the time Scott gets in sight of Flodden Field till the close of the poem his genius soars without once drooping its wing." He hurries us on from one crisis to another, till there is a battle joined in our own hearts between the rapturous joy we feel with the victors and pity and sympathy for the conquered, and we can scarcely say whether our feelings are those of the hero when,

"A light on Marmion's visage spread  
And fired his glazing eye;  
With dying hand, above his head,  
He shook the fragment of his blade  
And shouted 'Victory'!"—

or whether they are most in sympathy with that faithful band—

"Where was no thought of dastard flight;  
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,  
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,  
As fearlessly and well,  
Till utter darkness closed her wing  
O'er their thin host and wounded king."

But sympathy finally predominates, as we realize that it is the great heart of the poet himself which laments—

—"the stern strife and carnage drear  
Of Flodden's fatal field,  
Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,  
And broken was her shield."

It is with a brief notice of this intense patriotism and love of his native land, as evinced in the above lines, with which we would close this essay. His poetry, for this reason alone, if for no other, would be immortal, because it is so filled with that noble feeling which, next to our religious nature, is the greatest gift bestowed on man.

If he did not, by the subtle influence of this passion, underlying all his verse, increase in us a deeper love for our

own native land, he would certainly convert us all into Scotchmen. Who can read the aged minstrel's apostrophe to his own loved Caledonia without imbibing some of the poet's fondness for the land of the mountain and the flood:

"O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child;  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand!  
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,  
Though none should guide my feeble way;  
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
Although it chill my withered cheek;  
Still lay my head by Tiviot stone,  
Though there, forgotten and alone,  
The Bard may draw his parting groan."

But not "forgotten and alone" did this "last and greatest of Scottish minstrels" die; for his own country and other lands have recognized in him a personal benefactor, and have ever sought to do him honor; and thousands of humble as well as lordly homes have been enriched and brightened by the products of his genius.

"Harp of the North, farewell! The hills grow dark,  
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;  
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights his spark,  
The deer, have seen, are to the covert wending.  
Resume thy wizard, elm! the fountain lending,  
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;  
Thy numbers sweet with nature's vespers blending,  
With distant echo from the fold and lea,  
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

"Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,  
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!  
'Tis now a seraph bold, with touch of fire,  
'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing;  
Receding now, the dying numbers ring  
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell;  
And now the mountain breezes scarcely bring  
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell—  
And now 'tis silent all! Enchanter, fare thee well."

*The Rosengarten.*

AT evening, when the sun has gone to rest,  
When Botzen's vale has lost each lingering ray,  
The lovely Rosengarten's golden crest  
Still keeps the gladness of departed day.

Its face, illumined by the after-glow,  
Sheds a soft light upon the darkened vale;  
The sun, though lost to all the town below,  
Still holds the lofty mountain in its pale.

So, when the day of early joy shall fade,  
If still we keep a cheerful after-glow,  
Then will youth's memories pierce the growing shade,  
And from that light our lives the brighter grow.

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*Shall Princeton Become a University?*

IT IS rather strange that the plan to make Princeton a university, while finding an enthusiastic advocate in her President, and with both the faculty and the alumni practically a unit in its favor, has thus far failed to enlist the active sympathy of the undergraduates. The fact seems to be that the subject has not been given the consideration it deserves, and that student opinion has not had time to crystalize. The decision of the question will affect so vitally the future policy and welfare of the college that no Princeton man can afford to be indifferent to it; and it is with the view, therefore, of bringing the subject more prominently before the attention of the students that we propose here to give it a brief consideration.

The decision we shall come to will be influenced largely by our idea of what a university is. The term itself is a difficult one to define, as it has varied in extent and signification with the institutions to which it has been applied. Let us look for a moment at its origin as used in its present

academical sense. *Universitas*, in the Middle Ages, was nearly synonymous with our "society" or "corporation," and when used to designate an educational body meant simply the whole of its associated members. It did not imply that *every branch of learning was taught*, but rather that *what was taught was taught to all*. The common conception that the universities were so called because they professed to teach universal learning—"an academical encyclopedia"—originated apparently in a mere quibble upon the word, and is overthrown by the history of nearly every institution in Europe. The universities of Paris, of Oxford, and of Cambridge, existed at first simply in the faculty of the Arts, while Bologna and Salerno were confined respectively to the faculties of Law and Medicine. In the light of these facts, the best definition that can be given seems to be that of Sir William Hamilton. After a thorough examination of the whole subject ("Discussions on Education," No. VI,) he concludes that "University, in its proper and original meaning, denotes simply the *whole members of a body of persons teaching and learning one or more departments of knowledge*."

To prescribe rigidly, then, just what courses of study must be included in a university curriculum, is an impossibility. The only statement that can safely be hazarded is that it should embrace all the higher branches of liberal knowledge. The true test of a university is, after all, the *manner* of its teaching, that is, the general intellectual attitude both of professors and students. The name implies that all its instruction and research be marked by a certain breadth and elevation of thought, and that a lack of narrowness and provincialism characterize its members. The university should seek to identify itself with the deepest thought of the age—in science and literature, in politics and religion; its true object should be, as Dr. Mulford has well said, "to train men in that larger freedom which will enable them to apprehend in all thought the universal end." It is, therefore, far more than a mere collection of schools; it is an

organic growth, striking its roots deep into the past, and destined to come to maturity only after the lapse of centuries. In short, the one indispensable mark of a university, deserving of the name is that intangible, undefinable something which is known as "the university spirit."

Enough has been said to show that the fact that Princeton does not possess a Medical or Law School presents no real barrier in the way of her becoming a university in the best sense of the term. The practical question before us is whether her course of study is now sufficiently wide to render an immediate assumption of its name and dignity compatible alike with modesty and self-respect. This can best be answered by a glance at what has been and is being done toward enlarging our curriculum.

In *Language* and *Literature* we have several distinctively university courses—courses which were not taught in the old college—such as the Science of Language, Sanscrit and Anglo-Saxon. An effort, likely to be successful, is being made to add courses in the Shemitic language, such as Hebrew, Syriac and Arabic, for those who wish them.

In *Science*, instruction is given in all the more recent branches, and original research is being prosecuted by a number of our professors, several of whom are men of world-wide reputation. We have a fully equipped Scientific School with upwards of twenty professors, and a professional School of Engineering.

In *Philosophy*, we have nearly all that is taught in the famous universities of Germany, including advanced courses in the History of Philosophy, Psychology, and Ethics; and in Economics, International Law, Roman Law, and the Science of History.

A School of Art has recently been founded, still in its infancy, but giving promise of excellent results in the future. Funds have already been raised for an Art building, and several valuable collections have been promised.

The lecture courses which have been offered during the year should not be overlooked: the lectures on Art, by Dr. Waldstein and Prof. Lancioni; Dr. Mildner's course on Music; Dr. McCosh's on *Æsthetics*, and Prof. Patton's on the History of English Ethics. These, together with the large number of optional courses, show that the work neither of professors nor students is confined to the curriculum.

A plan for the encouragement of post-graduate study has recently been advanced, whose details are not generally known, but whose importance cannot well be over-estimated. Its object is to induce the graduates of other colleges to pursue, without residence, courses of study under the direction of Princeton professors, with a view to receiving after suitable examinations the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Literature, Doctor of Science, or Bachelor of Divinity. There will thus be added to the large number of graduates already on our rolls a body of scholars scattered all over the country, who will be working for a Princeton degree. We may mention that already from sixty to seventy men have signified their intention of taking the examinations preliminary to pursuing advanced courses under these conditions.

Whatever may be thought of the importance of these steps, it must be admitted that they take us out of the ranks of the ordinary college. The only question is whether they carry us far enough towards becoming a university to warrant an immediate change in name. Dr. McCosh's opinion on the subject is certainly entitled to respect. After enumerating the facts above mentioned, he says: "I think every educated man will allow that in all this we have a *Studium Generale*, which is the essence of a university. \* \* I think that the institution which teaches such a variety of high branches should seek to become a university to consolidate and seal the whole. It should proclaim itself a university that all men may know what it is doing."

A point more difficult to decide is as to the general intellectual atmosphere in Princeton; whether we are taught isolated facts, or led to view things in their universal relations; whether the superficial or the essential aspects of a question are most insisted upon; whether we cling too fondly to antiquated ideas and methods, or are keeping pace with the best thought of the century; whether, above all, we are fulfilling the highest aim of a university in "the application of thought to life."

An answer to these questions, in order to carry any weight, must have the support of some well-known and palpable facts, nor are these hard to find.

Not a few of our professors are fully abreast of, if they do not lead, the thought of the time in their respective departments. Our faculty includes within its members the editors of two of the leading reviews of the country, as well as several well-known writers upon public questions. The books written by our professors upon philosophical, political, scientific and literary subjects have made us the center of a wide influence in many directions. Our general condition, then, is as far as possible from mental stagnation. When all due allowances have been made, and it is remembered that among professors, as well as students, it is the few and not the many who give character to an institution, it can be confidently asserted that the earnest, thoughtful student will find in Princeton an atmosphere as invigorating and a horizon as wide as in any university in the country.

In view of all these considerations, can Princeton with justice to herself remain longer a college? Would she not by so doing be hindering her further growth, sacrificing a high incentive to greater achievements, and to some degree shutting out the prospect of a great future now opening before her? The proposed change would involve no marked deviation from our present policy; it would be but the next step in advance along the line of our historic development.

We are like a boy who is fast outgrowing his old clothes; either he must be provided with a new suit or the very unnatural alternative must be adopted of preventing his further growth. If we rest satisfied with our present position, the stream of progress will inevitably sweep by us and leave us in the rear. "We must either march on with Harvard and Yale or sink to be one of the four hundred colleges in America." The reasons for our becoming a university are as strong as were those of the institutions with which we have kept pace in learning as well as in athletics, and there is abundant reason to believe that the public would approve of the change in our case as it did in theirs. The plan certainly has the hearty coöperation of our friends and alumni, and their generosity in the past is sufficient assurance of their aid in the future. We can confidently hope that an enlargement of our expectations will meet with a corresponding increase in the means of their fulfillment.

If Princeton is destined, as we fondly hope that she is, to become more and more identified with the deeper life of our age and country, if she is destined to be not only the center of a sound learning, but the seat of a national literature, can she do better than to pledge herself at once to higher ideals by assuming a name which is rich with the culture of centuries, and has been so intimately associated with the world's intellectual advance?

## Voices.

### *What is a "Poller?"*

IN THE college vocabulary are always to be found words which our standard dictionaries do not recognize. Some are merely transitory visitors, while others find an apparently permanent home on our campus. To an outsider a careful study of these terms would reveal phases of life peculiar to college; by us their significance is often overlooked simply from familiarity.

The word "poller" may be classed among the more permanent of these localisms, and, so far as we know, is confined to Princeton, though it has exact or approximate equivalents in most other colleges. It is the philosophy of this word we wish briefly to consider, for could we read the feeling it arouses in each man's breast we would have data adequate for a very accurate estimate of his character.

But, first, let us consider the facts philosophically. A student's time, apart from that needed for

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,"

and the process of eating dinner and supper and taking a snatch at breakfast, may be divided into four parts, devoted, respectively, to the curriculum, "outside" work, exercise, and, lastly—for in a fair consideration we must not conceal facts—to loafing. Not that such a division is exhaustive, but it is sufficient for our present purpose.

If we should all endeavor conscientiously to decide what portion of our time we ought to devote to each, it is probable that no two would reach precisely similar results, nor would the same result be right for two men of different character and aims. But even a conscientious decision may be a wrong one, and perhaps we are not all strictly true to

ourselves in this question. The result is a great diversity in the relations of these factors and many excesses. The loafer and the "poller" are alike extremists, with the difference that the latter is usually conscientious in his work however mistaken he may be. Properly defined, for in the eyes of the loafer he may simply be one who does not belong to his own free and easy set, the "poller" is one who sacrifices the other splendid opportunities of college life for a too close confinement to the curriculum and an inordinate desire for high standing.

Approach the first fellow you see, and ask him what manner of man a "poller" is. "Poller? Why, a long-faced mummy, that doesn't know enough to have a good time while he has a chance. What's the use bothering with all this truck we have as long as you don't get more than two 'bids'?" You have the philosophy of this man's life in a nut-shell; he belongs to the genius *tough*, species *academicus*.

Try again. Here comes an easy-going fellow, with a contented expression, and an independent air. "There's a 'poller;' he does nothing but work; if he would take it easy and cram enough examination week, to get a respectable standing, he'd show more sense." "But he wouldn't learn as much." "Not quite as much, perhaps, but the difference isn't worth the trouble." Ah, my friend, we have seen you before, sitting in your room with your feet balanced on the stove, smoking a pipe, or out on the campus, discussing the base-ball prospects by the hour. "Scientific loafer" fits you very well.

You once more broach your question; this time to a man noted for the amount of his "outside" work and prominent in Hall. He replies: "A man that polls for grade," and doubtless goes on to say that a man comes to college to get as much good as he can, and should work with this end in view, without regard for class standing; that he believes the whole grading system and most examinations a mistake. You are struck by the vigor and sincerity of the man's

manner, and conclude at once that he is entirely conscientious in his efforts for self-improvement.

If you are not getting tired of this diversion you may once more ask the question, "What is a 'poller'?" "A 'poller'? 'Poller' is a name loafers give to those who do a little work." True, but not the whole truth; and here before us we have the genuine article, a man little known outside of the class-room, who does not belong to Hall, or is not a prominent Hall worker, and lets "outside work" strictly alone. His mind is stocked with a multitude of valuable facts, but to apply them practically, he is incapable from lack of practice. His one wish, a high standing, he may perhaps obtain, but it is usually at the expense of health and a well-rounded character. With a higher goal in view and with a solicitude for his physical as well as mental nature, his capable and well-trained mind might obtain for him honor and power and the respect of all with whom he comes in contact.

But the desire to reach first general group has too many victims, and we have too many practical illustrations of the lines—

"Ambition has but one reward for all—  
A little power, a little transient fame,  
A grave to rest in, and a fading name."

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### *One Solution.*

SEVERAL Voices have from time to time appeared in the LIT. upon the extension of our English course. These articles have been the natural outgrowth of a wide-spread and deep-felt desire among college men for further facilities in the study of our own literature. So long as this feeling exists, no apology is needed in returning to the subject.

The objection raised against any further addition to the lectures or recitations in this department is the already over-

crowded state of the curriculum. We believe that a partial solution of this vexed question would be obtained by the founding of one or more prizes, for special literary work, to be contested for by members of the Sophomore class.

To secure the fairest contest, the awarding of the prizes should be based upon the combined result of an original essay and an examination upon the subject assigned.

Prizes of this kind are offered to the under-classmen at both Columbia and Harvard. The advantages of this plan where adopted are many. While it does not over-burden the curriculum, it affords an incentive to outside reading; at the same time, by affording a specific object, it goes far toward bettering the desultory or superficial character, which such reading is too apt to assume. Even the class-room work must be, in a sense, superficial, and the exhaustive study of a single author, or the thorough mastery of a single classic work, affords a sort of mental discipline which no amount of general study or reading can give.

The interest shown in all the prizes and contests of a literary nature with which we are now favored; the membership of our two literary societies, including as it does over ninety-five per cent. of the whole number of men in college; and the number of those who make use of the Hall libraries and the seminary library, or even brave the formalities of the college library—all these facts go to prove that such a prize would be appreciated, and spiritedly contested for.

H. G. D.

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### *English Composition.*

THE art of writing the English language with any degree of perfection may to some extent be natural to a few favored individuals, but to the large majority it is acquired only by careful training. As an art which brings with it incalculable advantages, no matter what occupation its pos-

essor may follow, it should be carefully studied by college men. That many do not appreciate the importance of English composition may be suggested when we see "English as she is wrote."

To be sure, by far the larger portion of college men can express thoughts on paper intelligibly, but few can express those thoughts in a clear, forcible, attractive manner. In a word, college graduates are not particularly distinguishable by their accomplishments with the pen.

There must be a cause for this, but just what and where that cause is may be difficult to determine, yet if "practice makes perfect" it will be pretty safe to say that one cause is the lack of practice in careful writing during the college course.

But how lack of practice? We, in Princeton, have two essays required each term of the course, all that any person can reasonably be expected to write; then, too, the *Lit.*, *Princetonian* and *Philadelphian* are open for contributions; the Halls offer prizes in this line in addition to the ones offered by the college. Need any more opportunities be placed before the students? The answer must be, no. The cause must lie in the use made of opportunities.

The subjects given for essays have been criticised, but the sole cause cannot be placed there, though they, perhaps, may be said to be too often of such a kind as to call forth only a bare collection of facts, with little or no chance to cultivate a style. They are too special. Taken together the subjects in the four years cover sufficient ground, but the individual subjects are too narrow.

As to the college publications, they are good as far as they go, but the number benefited by them is limited.

The Hall contests and the struggle for the Baird, Maclean, Dickinson and other prizes elicit only the "effort of this life," handed in after careful writing, re-writing and final correcting. Such studied productions are well enough, but it hardly seems true that one or two great efforts can do much toward making an attractive every-day style.

What seems to be needed is a more careful perusal of typical authors for their method of expression, a larger number of literary clubs formed where members can meet to criticise short productions, not as to contents, but as to the manner of expressing the contents, and finally, more elaborate criticisms on required essays when *returned*, taking up the structure of sentences, diction, similes and metaphors used, and the general way of presenting the ideas.

Easy subjects on which it requires less time to get "posted," and more time spent by students in actual writing, would make essay writing as it should be, a drill in composition, not an accumulating of knowledge on some obscure subject.

W. C. R.

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*Writings of Army and Navy Officers.*

MORE is being contributed to our literature, scientific and otherwise, by officers of the Army and Navy than we imagine. Several army officers have been giving the public novels of more or less merit for some years past, the most prominent of whom is Captain Charles King, who wrote "Winning His Spurs," "Kitty's Conquest," etc. By these we are introduced to garrison and camp life of our Army in the West, a province which few, except those that have been visitors, know much about. This is a region of literature affording numerous themes and which has capabilities of great advancement, it being hitherto sparsely occupied. This line of work is one, also, that will attract a large number of readers, since all classes can be satisfied, from the diligent seeker after morals to the one longing for excitement, which the various Indian campaigns furnish.

The navy officers have a field to work in which has been almost exhausted, one branch only being apparently unoccupied, the life in the U. S. Navy of to-day. But if these

officers cannot furnish additions to our Fiction they can, and largely have, to our Scientific Literature, Mathematics being the favorite topic. Probably one of their most prominent men in the line of fiction is Dr. Edward M. Shippen, who has been quite prolific of late, especially in the juvenile department.

Though the books of the officers of both arms of the service are comparatively few, their articles in the magazines are very numerous, hardly one number of the different periodicals not having something from their pens, whether a sketch, treatise or otherwise.

Recognition should be more accorded to the labors of these gentlemen, in the efforts they are making to add to our knowledge, both by works of fiction, which are mostly under the descriptive class, and by improved text-books.

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## Editorials.

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MR. JAMES R. CHURCH, '88, has been unanimously elected to the position of Treasurer.

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THE prize of twenty dollars for the best essay in the June number should not be forgotten. In view of the liberality of the LIT.'s prize system, we hope to see the competition correspondingly spirited.

*A Prospectus.*

IN ASSUMING the editorial control of the LIT. for the ensuing year, but few changes will be made in its general management, only those alterations having been adopted which the experience of the past has largely suggested. One of the most important of these is in reference to the Voices. The idea in instituting this department was to furnish the college at large—and not the editors—with a convenient means for the expression of general sentiment. Within late years this original purpose has been largely infringed upon, since a major part of the work has been done by members of the board, and the distinction between an Editorial and a Voice has thus been made a merely technical one.

As the editors have ample opportunity to set forth their views in the pages especially devoted to that purpose, we have thought it best to encroach no longer upon the space which really belongs to others. The Voice department in subsequent issues, therefore, will be open solely to contributions, and we trust that the college, and especially the Class of '89, will do all in their power to make this new departure a success.

The stringent regulations regarding the general contribution prize of twenty dollars, to be awarded at the end of the year, have been somewhat relaxed.

No one will be eligible to this prize in the future who has had less than six articles published, but they need not necessarily appear in six different numbers, as required last year, neither will any articles be counted which have already taken a prize.

Two other prizes of twenty-dollars each will be awarded, one in June for the best essay, the other in December for best story.

The prize of ten dollars for the best sketch in the October number, remains the same.

The high character of the LIT.'s recent poetry, and the renewed interest taken in this department have influenced us in raising the prize for the best series of three short poems, published up to February, 1888, from ten to fifteen dollars.

But few college magazines offer such inducements to literary activity as the NASSAU LIT. The beneficial results of this policy have been marked in the past, and we hope that the same general interest and the same liberal support will be vouchsafed unto us in the future.

On the other hand, we intend, as far as possible, to make the LIT. for the coming year both interesting and attractive, and to maintain the high standard of literary excellence which it attained at the hands of the preceding board.

To that end we would urge upon contributors the oft repeated injunction against the too heavy article, advising rather efforts in a lighter, more interesting vein.

In conclusion, we would like to impress upon all those who contemplate trying for positions on next year's board, the necessity of beginning early. Honest, faithful work, well directed and early begun shall be our main criterion in selecting the incoming editors.

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### *College Popularity.*

THE popular man—there he goes.

Handsome? Well, you might call him so. Is he on any of the teams? No; of course athletic ability will bring a man into prominence sooner than ability in any other line, but it is not essential to popularity, and, in fact, the best athletes in college are often by no means popular. Does he stand high, then, in his class? No, not very, about fourth group; but he's smart enough to be at the top if he wanted to poll. Well, what is your popular man good for,

then? "Harry L.—? Oh, he's a nice fellow all around; everybody likes Harry."

So this constitutes the popular man does it, to be a nice fellow all around? we soliloquize, and at this stage of the inquiry, retiring into our sanctum, we ponder long and deeply the abstruse question—In what does the *niceness* of the popular man consist? What are its elements? what its nature? "Ah, there's the rub." It is easy enough, if you stand a moment on the campus, to fix on the popular man, but when, in the solitude of your room, you endeavor, in a truly scientific manner, to analyze the qualities of his popularity, and study it from a psychological standpoint, the task assumes alarming proportions.

Does his "niceness" consist in good nature? we ask ourselves. Hardly, for the average college man will not worship a laugh alone, and mere good nature, if unaccompanied by some more positive quality, will often be imposed upon and made a butt of.

Does it consist in generosity? For there is a distinction, and an important one, between the good-natured and the generous man. We have seen many a fellow who passes for the soul of good humor really selfish through and through.

No; generosity alone will not make a man popular, though we confess that, combined with good nature, this quality is dangerously apt to make a fellow a general favorite. (We say dangerously, for reasons that shall hereafter appear.)

In despair of a solution to the perplexing problem we had set ourselves, we emerge once more on the campus and interrogate the first man we chance to meet, "Tell me, why is Harry L.— so popular?" "Oh, he is a nice fellow; everybody likes him."

Having ventured the same question to a number more of Harry's worshippers, only to have the same unvarying answer returned, we are finally driven to the conclusion that

it must be really as they say, and Harry L.— is a popular fellow because he is a nice fellow, and he is a nice fellow in that everybody likes him, and everybody likes him because he hears everybody else speak well of him. Ah, that's it; the "They say" is at the bottom of it.

Harry L.—'s popularity rests on this flimsy basis, that each individual thinks him "nice" because every other individual *says* he is "nice." Now, we would not be thought cynical in arriving at this conclusion, for it is evident to none more than to us that many, or rather most, college men are popular because they deserve to be. But (and this is the point we would specially enforce) most of our college heroes, even those who have a right and title to be regarded as heroes, attain their popularity by the unjust, though perhaps unconscious, process which we have formulated above, and this is the reason why college popularity is a dangerous thing, for, depending as it does on a breath, a mere "They say," even a deserved popularity is liable to be lost through a process as unreasonable as that by which it was gained.

The top round of the ladder of popularity is invariably slippery and rotten, and he who succeeds in gaining it must needs be an admirable balancer to avoid a fall, and even if he should maintain his equilibrium, the supporting rung is in constant danger of giving way beneath him.

When a man in college has had the several offices he is eligible to heaped upon him by his classmates in quick succession, you can presage for him a speedy downfall, not because there is necessarily any good reason for it; by no means; he has reached that dangerous and unreliable top round, that is all, and must expect an overthrow.

The symptoms of the weakening of this round are creakings such as "Harry L.— does make me tired," or "Harry L.— gives me a pain; he's got everything he can and is playing the regular hog act," etc.

How can you complain of his "playing the hog act," as you call it, when you insisted on giving him everything he has?

"Well," Harry's defamer will answer, "that's just the reason; because he is disposed to swell about when it is *we* who have given him all his honors."

But, my dear fellow, if you clothe a person in a swallow-tail can you expect him to feel otherwise than dressed up in it?

We see how it is; it was the *fashion* to praise Harry L—, and now it's the *fashion* to abuse him.

We are told that nowhere is a man's character so justly estimated as in college, yet, despite this statement, it does seem that college judgment is too often perverted by the gossip at the club and on the campus, and men who deserve a lasting popularity are too often condemned on the grounds of an idle rumor, started in general thoughtlessly, rarely, we are happy to say, in maliciousness.

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### *Hall Electioneering.*

IN THE October number of the LIT. appeared a Voice, setting forth some of the evils accompanying Hall electioneering. As the time draws near for the entrance of another class our thoughts are directed once more to this matter, and Hall men, some heartily opposed to the whole practice, others apparently as heartily in favor of it, are all disturbed in spirit, while outsiders stand aside and await this wrangle over freshmen with undisguised contempt. Not only does this custom lower the dignity of these honored factors of Princeton's greatness, but is a detriment to many of their best supporters.

That more than half a hundred of the very men who know how to use time most advantageously should waste

nearly a month at the beginning of each year at an occupation that is without profit to themselves, and a positive nuisance to others, is a state of affairs that demands immediate attention.

If any advantage were gained by the Halls, the practice might be permitted, for no patriotic son of Princeton would wish these venerable institutions to suffer retrogression, but the fact is that without electioneering the societies would both fare as well on the long run as they do now, and the individual members would fare much better.

There is another phase of this question. We all acknowledge the stimulating effect of friendly rivalry, how it continually urges us to cultivate and use our best powers, and often makes interesting and pleasant those tasks that would otherwise be irksome. But when such a rivalry loses the element of whole-hearted friendliness it approaches too near the border line of enmity to be other than a curse.

We may congratulate ourselves for having maintained this friendliness in the past, but we all know how great is the danger of an outbreak at any time during a campaign, and should avoid the risk by ceasing this obnoxious practice.

That enlightened and civilized men should tolerate such a rash waste of time and energy is not to be presumed, and sooner or later this custom must yield before the demands of sense. But the grievance calls for immediate remedy, and, with the interests of our fellow students, the college and the two Halls deeply at heart, we earnestly recommend that there be no delay in the consideration and removal of this evil.

## Literary Gossip.

Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double.  
Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?

Books, 'tis a dull and aimless strife;  
Come hear the woodland linnet;  
How sweet his music! on my life  
There's more of music in it.

One impulse from the vernal wood  
May teach you more of man;  
Of moral evil and of good  
Than all the sages can.

Enough of science and of art;  
Close up those barren leaves;  
Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
That watches and receives.

—Wordsworth.

THE GOSSIP has no formal bow to make on this his first appearance, nor has he any line of policy to be followed out. His policy will be simply to talk, like the Tattler of old, about all matters, of what kind soever, that shall occur to him. I have always found it easy enough to talk; I have always been a lover of the social chat, and the midnight pow-wow has always been dear to my soul; and yet, somehow, I find it hard to begin this my first talk with you.

Thackeray has written a most charming Roundabout paper, "De Finibus." I wish he had written one De Initiis, for I am sorely at a loss how to begin. I don't know why this should be so; surely there are subjects enough to talk about—games, pictures, men, books, and that old and never-failing subject of conversation, the weather. I think the weather is always a good subject to open a conversation with, for every one feels at home in it; every one knows as much about it as you do, and there is an endless range of discussion as to the probabilities. And of all weather Princeton weather is the fittest for conversation, for there is nothing commonplace about it. It is either very lovely or very dreadful, or both, in such quick succession that it almost makes your head swim. It is lovely weather to-night; one of

"May's warm, slow, yellow moonlit summer nights,"

and I can hardly persuade myself that only two weeks ago the trees that are now beginning to cast a light shade were sheathed in ice, and the

campus was flooded knee-deep with snow and slush. I sat in these rooms by myself that night, in utter loneliness; the old Board was out, and the new not in, and the room looked like the abomination of desolation spoken of by Jeremy the prophet. I think that nothing on earth is so lonely as a deserted college, and no one so unhappy as he whom dire Poverty compels to spend his vacation in such a spot. I suppose it is because a college is naturally associated with all that is pleasant in life. The very word brings up memories of song and wit and laughter. We are used to seeing the walks crowded with figures, hurrying to and from recitation, or pouring back from some victory on the athletic grounds. We are used to having the stillness of night broken by the songs and cheers of some party of revelers. Everything seems instinct with life and joy. And so, when the campus is deserted and the walks are empty, and the vacant buildings stare at you in a blank, meaningless way, a feeling of inexpressible loneliness comes over you; and when bad weather is added to your trials, misery can go no further; the cup of grief runneth over.

But, thanks be to heaven, all that is over now. Third term, with all its peculiar pleasures—base-ball, lacrosse, tennis, singing and scientific loafing—has set in. We are evidently going to have one of those matchless springs that are Princeton's glory; springs when every day is warmer and lovelier; when every day sees the campus growing greener and shadier, and when every day makes it more and more impossible to do anything but enjoy life. It is on such days as these that we can sympathize with the hero who exclaimed, in a burst of generous indignation,

"Throw Physics to the dogs, I'll none of it."

I am not sure that is just what the hero said, but it was something very like it.

I am, and have always been, a lover of books. My task is well-nigh universal. I can read and enjoy the great masters of literature, and so, according to Frederick Harrison, my mind must be in a tolerably healthful condition; but I can also read with great pleasure Mr. Huggard's or Mr. Stevenson's last romance, or Mr. Dobson's graceful and lovely verses. But in such weather as this even my best-loved books pall upon me. All I want to do is to do nothing. It is certainly fortunate for us that it is not always spring, for there is a work for each one of us to do in the world—at least we have always been told so—and if spring were to last forever I have very grave doubts as to who would do this work.

But I really must abandon this most fascinating subject, or the Literary Gossip will read like a weather report, and weather reports are included by Charles Lamb, I believe, among the things that it is impossible to read. What charming reading those essays of Lamb's are. It seems to me that the Essays of Elia and the Roundabout Papers of Thackeray are the most perfect specimens of this kind of writing, a kind which, if

not very high, is at least very pleasing. I remember very well the delight I had in reading Lamb for the first time. The edition in our library was a thick, heavy, clumsy volume; one of those books that you instinctively shrink from opening. I remember, it stood for years on the shelves before I ever opened it. I think I must have done so at last by some accident. Accident determines a great deal of our reading; at least I know it has done so with me. Open the book I did, however, and for days and days I could hardly lay it down. Essay after essay, full of wit, of fancy and of pathos. I did not read, I devoured them. I owe a great deal to Lamb, not only for the pleasure I drew from reading his essays and letters, written in a style which is one of the lost arts, but for the world into which one of his essays introduced me—the world of the Elizabethan drama, with all its fire and passion and vigorous, stirring life; the world of Marlowe and Webster and Jonson and Ford. I do not mention Shakespeare, for he seems to me to be infinitely apart from these, and above them all, as, indeed, he is above all poets of every age. Besides, my acquaintance with Shakespeare had begun long ago; but these others I had never read, and I fairly reveled in Volpone and the Faithful Shepherdess, Dr. Faustus and the Duchess of Malfi. Why is it, I wonder, that these great authors are no longer read? Marlowe's mighty line has lost its power over our hearts, and the learning of Jonson, the wit of Fletcher, and the pathos of Webster are alike forgotten. For graceful lyrics, for scenes of the highest tragic power, for

—“thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,”

these writers stand unrivaled. And yet they are unread. Is it that our age can no longer relish the fresh life and vigor of theirs, but turns to the dull and wearisome standard of art, held up by recent realistic writers, as its ideal? I do not know. It may be, but I think many of us can sympathize with Lowell's saying, that when he reads one of these realistic novels he feels as if he were grinding in the mill of the Philistines. Let us be thankful that, even among us, there are a few names that have not stooped to the worship of this dull and sluggish god, Realism; a few writers who dare to be other than commonplace. Among these Mr. Stevenson stands easily first. His vivid imagination, and his glowing and picturesque diction are unmatched by any living author: Have you read his last book, the “Merry Men?” If you have not, do so, by all means. I think the “Merry Men,” with its story of sin and suffering, and its “horror of the sea,” so strangely belying its name, is one of the finest sea tales in our language. And there are others in the book that are scarcely inferior. “Thrawn Janet” challenges a comparison with Scott's ghost stories, and does not suffer as much as most stories would when tried by such a test. It reminds me of that story of Wandering Willie, in “Redgauntlet,” where Steenie rides into the infernal castle and finds the hall crowded with the old persecutors of the Whigs and listens to their wild and joyless revelry. That is beyond

doubt the ghost story of the English language, and it is the highest praise to say that "Thrawn Janet" reminds us of it.

But why should I run on in this way, talking about books? Books are very well in their time and place, but

" Certeynly when that the month of May  
Is comen, and I hear the fowles sing,  
And that tho flowres ginnen for to spring,  
Farewell my boke and my divocion."

Besides, I hear the train coming in, bringing back two victorious teams from New York, and I want to see the fellows and learn just how it was and who did it; so I will lay down my pen and bid you farewell until we meet again.

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## Editor's Table.

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INTRODUCTORY remarks are always more or less of a bore, and the most so when most strictly appropriate to their subject. Will Carleton, in detailing his experiences as a lecturer, amuses us not a little by his account of the queer introductions he has received to his audiences at the hands of some worthy chairman; but probably, if the question were asked him, he would not deny that he found a speech on the protective tariff to be more interesting than the formula set for such occasions. However, there is danger on this side as well. And so, without further prelude, beyond stating that we feel, or, we suppose we feel as everybody else does when he becomes an editor, we walk into our sanctum, where order is being developed from the chaos occasioned by change of administration, seat ourselves at our Table, and while the faces of our predecessors beam encouragingly down upon us, we look around at the friends with whom this year is to be passed.

Their name is legion, and whose pages first to open we know not. We reach for one, and another smiles at us invitingly, causing us to forget our first object. After a vain attempt to absorb the good things from a dozen or so by turning over their leaves, we retire. But our friends are not thus to be slighted. At dead of night they invade our room in solemn procession. With one flap of their outer leaves they are upon the bed, the mantel, the washstand, the window seat; from every point of vantage gazing reproachfully or glaring threateningly. We try to rise

and offer an apology, but at that instant the vase against which the bulky *Atlantic* is leaning topples over, and vase and magazine descend upon the heads of two or three college monthlies. These view the accident as a premeditated insult, and in a moment a free fight is in progress, and we have the terrific spectacle of the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Lippincott*, &c., defending themselves against a host of smaller and more active adversaries, prominent among whom is the fiery *Targum*. Outing alone hesitates in the choice of sides. The air is filled with flying leaves, while the *Vassar Misc.* shrieks and doubles her corners over her eyes. Here we awake, regretfully, but the lesson is not lost, and we resolve to treat our injured friends better in future.

The *Yale Lit.*, '87's last number, is, as usual, a substantial one. The element of fiction is small, but the essays and criticisms are chiefly upon present themes, as, for instance, the criticism of H. Rider Haggard as a critic. This gentleman would make himself the apostle of a literary reform, but while there is undoubtedly plenty of room for such a reform, the question is raised as to whether the literary movement which he represents can be called by that name, and the proofs to the contrary are forcibly put. Both the *Yale Lit.* and the *Williams Lit.* are interested in Björnsterne Björnson. Both admire the naturalness and feeling that characterize his style, and remind one of Hans Christian Andersen; the one praises his exhibition of character in dialogue rather than in formal description; the other criticises the dialogue as too long and tiresome.

'88's opening number at Amherst is specially attractive, externally and internally, and well justifies the raising of the price to the level of that of its associates. "The Turning Point in Mrs. Jessup's Life" is a peculiar but well-chosen character sketch. A sketch of this kind, depending on delineation instead of plot or incident for its interest, is an exceedingly hard one to manage, and the writer of the above has succeeded well. The thought of the poem, "The Book," is embodied in the following stanza:

"The words were senseless, each page bound fast  
In the book that lay in my hand.  
In an hour I read it, yet lifetimes passed  
As if moved by a magic wand."

Not particularly musical, but the thought is one that casts its shadow over and over again upon the reader of romance or biography. The criticism upon Rose Cleveland denies her *not* originality of thought, but method and finish. It reminds us of the opinion we heard expressed last week by one of eminent literary taste: "The first two-thirds of her book," speaking of one recently published, "are full of striking thought; the rest is trite and purposeless." The *Sketch Book* and *Window Seat* are full of good things. We note here, and also in the *Trinity College Tablet*, two sketches that lead us to surmise that every college must revolve

round its factotum of fruit and old clothes as upon a pivot. We would like to suggest to the writer at Trinity that his article upon this subject might be made very striking by recasting it into metrical form; as, for instance, in speaking of

"The pig that keeps him warm at night  
And the chickens that roost on his legs."

In the *Pennsylvanian* of April 12th and 19th were two excellent papers on "Early Greek Music."

The novel in *Lippincott's* for May, "The Deserter," is specially interesting for the picture it presents of army life at a frontier post. As one reads of the social order existing there it is hard to imagine that the scene is not laid in the midst of a city, or, at least, of a large town. While the petty and wearisome detail of army life is not ignored, the pleasanter features are brought fully before us. The plot is simple, but the key to it is withheld till the last possible moment. "Social Life at Vassar" is the third of the college articles that are attracting so wide an attention. The differences between life at Vassar and elsewhere are chiefly those resulting from difference in management and discipline. Class feeling, while not in the least virulent, seems to be of long-continuance, and cliques, denominated "a necessary evil," occupy to a certain extent that place which, in other colleges, pertains to secret societies. But there is one marked feature of difference, for which all honor should be given to the Vassar student, and that is the efforts made to welcome and lighten the burden of the incoming class. Ye powers! What would the average Princeton student think of a Sophomore party in honor of the Freshman class? However, it is only just to state that such a plan has been proposed among us. There is in the article a spicy account of a private midnight feast, and a protest against applying the term "expensive" to Vassar. The whole is frank and conversational in its tone, and very pleasant is the glimpse it gives us of a life that is much more "secluded" than our own.

*Harper's* for May is a notably rich number. The leading article, upon "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature," is one to be read by every one who would keep pace with the literary history of his own day. It solves a few literary puzzles, as for instance, the authorship of "Monsieur Motte," which appeared in the first issue of the *New Princeton Review*, and excited so much comment at the time. One of the authors here treated, Amélie Rives, has a poem in the same number, of which every stanza is, in form, a complete sonnet. Charles Dudley Warner gives a second instalment of "Mexican Notes," in which the observations of his travels are blended together in his well-known taking and often humorous manner. There is also a pleasant sketch of a summer trip to the Yellowstone Park, admirably illustrated, and a third of travel "Through the Caucasus," amid scenes which are still as they were

described by Xenophon and Herodotus. The serials are strong, and Professor Ely's article on "Social Studies" is of great interest to students.

*Scribner's* contains a full history of the "Development of the Steamship," by Commander F. E. Chadwick. It gives cuts and detailed descriptions of famous vessels, old and new, and proves that shipbuilding is and must be a good business, since thirty out of one thousand vessels perish every year. Thackeray's unpublished letters are continued; the two serials are "The Residuary Legatee" and "The Story of a New York House." "At Least," a poem by Philip Bourke Marston, with a note by Louise Chandler Moulton, gives some further facts regarding the poet's life. J. M. Oxley gives a description of Sable Island, with an account of some of the numberless wrecks that have taken place there, under the title "An Ocean Graveyard." R. L. Stevenson contributes a sketch founded on some personal reminiscences; and Arlo Bates, in an article on "Words and Music," labors to prove that in the classical music of the future the human voice will be used, uttering not words, but simple musical sounds, thus giving color without confusion.

The *Atlantic* is opened by "The Courting of Sister Wisby," a New England study drawn to the life, by Miss Jewett; continued by a long and notable poem on an episode in French history, by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and by a paper by Mr. J. Elliot Cabot—"A Glimpse of Emerson's Boyhood," which his preparation for the forthcoming biography of Emerson has specially fitted him to write. Dr. Holmes' interesting recital of his foreign experiences, "Our Hundred Days in Europe," is continued. In "China and the United States," some popular fallacies about our diplomatic, business, and missionary standing with the Chinese are discussed by A. A. Hayes; and a valuable study of Italian politics is contributed by Rev. Wm. Chauncy Langdon, in the form of a sketch of the statesman Marco Minghetti. "The Shakespeare-Shapleigh Entanglement" is an ingenious Shakespearian pleasantry, and an able article on "The Decline of Duty," by George Frederic Parsons, discusses the indications of the prevailing want of conscientiousness in the worlds of labor, politics and theology. The usual departments conclude a number which is of unusual value.

The *May Century* opens with two profusely illustrated papers of Egyptology, the special subject being the mummy of Pharaoh the Oppressor (the Pharaoh of the Bible), otherwise Rameses II., which (together with those of other Egyptian kings) was discovered in 1881 by Professor Maspero, but not identified until June, 1886. Soon after this date Mr. Edward L. Wilson visited the spot in company with Professor Maspero and Brugsch Bey, from the latter of whom he had a personal account of the discovery, which Mr. Wilson here records, supplementing it by interesting photographs made by himself.

The seventh installment of Mr. Stockton's novel, "The Hundredth Man," is given in this number, which also contains a complete short

Southern story, illustrated by Kemble, introducing a new character in fiction, namely, an enthusiast who attempts personally to regulate the morals of the community in which he lives. His extraordinary experiences in this endeavor are described by Octave Thanet in "Whitsun Harp, Regulator."

The paper in the War Series (which, so far as the battles themselves are concerned, it is expected will close with the October number of *The Century*) is this month devoted to the battle of Chattanooga.

A brief fifth installment of "Notes of a Professional Exile," a series which has attracted considerable attention, is published in this number, for the first time accompanied by the signature of the writer, Mr. E. S. Nadal.

Mr. Frederick Schwatka contributes a paper on the Apache Indians, based upon his personal experience on the frontier, and very fully illustrated from photographs.

*Outing*, the popular and favorite magazine of sports, opens this month with an artistic colored lithograph of its bicycling hero, Thomas Stevens. The picture represents him as he appeared while pedalling along the great central trunk road of Hindoostan. The portrait is by Kelly, clever and picturesque in treatment, and will be very acceptable to all cyclists.

The contents are unusually rich and varied in subjects, maintaining, at the same time, their high literary character. The special technical articles are excellent. They embrace an admirable treatise on the scientific laws that govern the curve in delivery of the base-ball; the theory is clearly and precisely defined, and the facts are aptly illustrated by mathematical diagrams that are readily understood by the initiated and uninitiated alike. It will be thoroughly appreciated by all lovers of the "national game," and ought to be made a study by every pitcher and batsman, professional and amateur, in the country.

There is a racy little illustrated sketch of sport on the plains, by Frederick Remington, that has the true ring and flavor of Western life. Mrs. Poultney Bigelow tells a pretty love story with much real feeling, and Mr. James Ricalton recounts, in "A Steerage Trip to Europe," the first pleasures that befall a person setting out to travel economically.

The general tone and spirit of the number is vigorous, healthy and entertaining, and is a credit both to the periodical literature of the country, and the fresh, out-of-door recreations of the people.

## Books.

THE POETIC AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF ROBERT BROWNING, in six volumes. Volumes I and II. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

There was a time, not so many years ago, when to admire Browning, or even to read him, was considered the mark of an eccentric mind. He had, indeed, a few devoted admirers, but to the world at large his works were practically a sealed book. But in the last year or two the tide has turned, and it has become fashionable to read and admire Browning. Browning clubs have been formed in every large city, and the papers are full of essays on his works and discussions of their meaning. In the last few months "Introductions to the Study of Browning," "Browning's Men and Browning's Women" have been literally pouring out of the press. But the true way to become acquainted with a great poet is to read him, not to read about him. There is nothing like going to the original documents in such a case, and one poem of Browning is worth a dozen essays on Browning's work. And for such a purpose no edition could be better fitted than the one that lies before us. It is gotten up in Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s best style, in plain but neat board covers, with fine clean paper and clear, large type, making altogether a most attractive book. Even more important is the fact that it follows the latest revision of his works, and contains the poet's own corrections. The poems and dramas which fill the books before us, are arranged in the order of their publication. Volume I contains "Pauline," "Paracelsus," "Sordello," "Pippa Passus," and other poems. Volume II, "Dramatic Lyrics and Romances," largely composed of selections from his best work, "Men and Women," and "A Blot on the Scutcheon," with other plays. A fine steel engraving of the poet is prefixed to the first volume. Altogether, this edition is one that can be highly recommended, both to lovers of fine books and lovers of Browning.

HALF HOURS WITH THE BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS. Selected and arranged by Charles Morris. (Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. Four volumes.)

It was something more than a happy thought that led to the preparation of this store of literary treasure. Only from his own personal experience could the compiler have known what a long-felt want these volumes were destined to fill. Here are the stories, poems and sketches that delighted our hearts when we were children, the cream of them all: Irving's Terrible Battle at Fort Christina, bits of experience from Widow

Bedott, gems from Cooper, wise words from Franklin. But we are not to infer that these determine the prevailing character of the book. After all, these choice bits from a past century are few. It is said of Franklin that "he was the one man who, in the eighteenth century, redeemed America from the reproach of intellectual mediocrity and placed it on a level with the highest mental standard of Europe," and, though this may be too sweeping an assertion, still the fact remains that the eighteenth century can give us only here and there an element of spice for the rich repast furnished by the nineteenth. This the compiler has recognized. The work is brought down to date, and side by side with those extracts we have mentioned will be found the "Chariot Race" from Ben Hur, Helen Hunt Jackson's story of "A Ride in a Palace Car," together with the best from Holmes, Lowell and John Burroughs. But it is useless to attempt to mention names. No pains have been spared to make the work complete, and to include in it just what everybody wants to read or to read again. The compiler says, "We have been controlled rather by the literary merit and diversity of interest in the matter than by the name of the author; our design being to please and instruct readers, and not to offer any estimate as to the comparative standing of writers."

Not the least interesting feature of the work is the explanatory note prefixed to each selection. In binding and style it is all that can be desired. It may justly be termed one of those few books of really exceptional value that have been recently issued.

THE NEW PSYCHIC STUDIES IN THEIR RELATION TO CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

By Franklin Johnson, D. D. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls.)

Recent experiments in mind-reading here among ourselves should interest us in what an advanced thinker has to say upon the subject. Briefly and clearly, the author states what is known upon the subject, and treats also of clairvoyance, so-called apparitions, mesmerism, &c. His views are sensible, his explanations simple, and while he does not entirely reject the idea that certain minds may to some extent act upon others, he shows that in none of these things is there anything to conflict with revelation. The book is interesting from the nature of the subjects treated, and it is especially valuable as a guide over puzzling ground. It will more than repay perusal, from either standpoint.

HISTORY OF THE DOCTRINE OF COMETS. By Andrew D. White. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, 25 cents.)

President White's name is a guarantee that his subject will be well treated. The above is a reprint of a paper read by him before the American Historical Association. It is as complete as it well can be, tracing out the earliest accounts of comets among the histories of all na-

tions, and bringing the history of the progress of discovery down to the most recent period, giving also an account of the superstitions that always have hung round these erratic visitors of our system. The subject is treated fully, whether from a scientific, philosophical or religious point of view.

TREATISE ON DETERMINANTS. By William G. Peck, Ph. D., LL. D. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.)

Recent advances in mathematics demand an acquaintance with the elementary principles of this part of the science. This book was originally prepared by Professor Peck for the use of his class in Columbia College. The merit of the work has led to its publication. It is brief and compact, clear in statement, and will be found well suited to the needs of the student.